

CIVIL WAR;

Κ

A

P O E M.

WRITTEN in the YEAR 1775.

Α δειλοι, τι κακον τοδε παχετε; νυκτι μεν υμων
Ειλυαται κεφαλαι τε, προσωπα τε — Ηελιος δε
Ουρανν εξαπολωλει, κακη δ' επιδρομεν αχλυσ.

HOM. ODYSS. T 351.

CIVIL WAR

M.

E.



P.

WINTER IN THE YEAR 1861

A R G U M E N T.

DANGERS, which threaten the country in the prevailing levity and corruption of its manners. Ruinous concurrence of king and people in the prosecution of the American Civil War. Calamity. Loss of commerce, and its train of evils: Licentiousness: Insurrection. An imaginary night-scene: Characters, with a view to their influence on public counsels: Genius of Britain: Represented, as setting forth the principles of the Civil War, and contrasting its probable effects in America, with some of its supposed consequences in England. His departure from this country, and flight to the western world.

When the following poem was written, the Earls of Suffolk and Rochford were secretaries of state, the Earl of Dartmouth First Lord of Trade, the Earl of Sandwich at the head of the Admiralty, Earl Gower President of the Council, Lord North First Lord of the Treasury, Earl of Mansfield Chief Justice of the King's bench, and ^{the} Earl of Bute was not in any public employment.

S O N N E T.

O Friend, I charge thee by that honour'd name,

Misdeem not of the power I woo to sing

(Dipping in satire's gall her tender wing)

Of finner's guilt, and brutal folly's blame.

Better (thou know'st it well) I love to frame

Such notes, as wafting from the cheerful string

Make hill, and vale, and all their echoes ring,

And cherish virtue at the muse's flame.

If now with tears I dew the melting lyre;

A nation's sorrows in the verse complain;

If with a sterner hand, and fiercer fire,

I strike; a nation's wrongs impel the strain,

Curse on the bard, when themes like these inspire,

Who sings by gilded stream, or sports on plain!

7 AP 66

Who sports by gilded stream, or sports on plain!

7 AP 66

4
O ye of England, heirs of every good,
Whence freedom yields &c

0
ere ye sink corrupt
(Latinet each honest energy of soul)
Down to that depth of ~~infamy~~ ^{luxury} & sin,
Whence fallen virtue yet did never rise

CIVIL WAR.

YE of England, of each blessing heirs,
Which freedom yields, the fruit of virtuous toils
Triumphant, in her days of peril borne,
Too long regardless of your weal, ye lie
Beneath the fragrant shade, or hear well-pleas'd
The voice of airy song, in pleasure's stream
Bathing secure your softening strength. Arise;
Break the light bands that bind you, and assert
Your mighty spirit; ere ye sink corrupt
Down to that depth of luxury, and sin,
And death, whence never did fall'n virtue rise.

E'EN while ye sleep, tyrannic fury arms
His red right hand against you to destroy
The temple of your peace. Awake, and see
The glittering bands of war on yonder beach,
Marching with heavy hearts in dread array:
E'en now they muse the horrors of those fields,
Where their reluctant courage, that should glow

B

In

In other battles, shall be stain'd in blood
Of friends, of brothers fighting to be free,

20

HATH thought conceiv'd, that those brave spirits arm'd
'Gainst the ambitious aim of towering Gaul,
Or sullen Spaniard's deep-corroding ire,
That *her* keen sword, whose swift-avenging glance
Hath reddened Danube and the flood of Rhine,
That England's war, whose righteous thunder hurl'd
✧ E'en from the rising to the setting sun ✧ *From the ascending to*
The polar worlds hath shaken—Can it be,
That England's strength by madness sway'd shall rave
In idiot battle 'gainst a kindred land;
Where bloom'd, in days of peace, with fruit surcharg'd
Of vegetable gold, her tree of life?
Where in its beauty all her power must fade;
Where thine, O king, shall wither, thine shall die?

30

AND ye degenerate, born of British fires
To sloth and vice abandon'd, can ye sit,
Spectators of the scene, where virtue rears
Her mighty state, on blind oppression's wrath
In proud scorn smiling, nor indignant feel
(While she in holy rapture tells the world
"The cause of Freedom is the cause of God")
A kindred passion flaming at your hearts?

40

Or

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0 And senseless smile on th' impious stroke, by which
Yourselves shall die? - Then on this land be done
Thy dreadful will: open, all-judging God,
The fountains of thy wrath - if mortal man
May aught of thee presume, the hour is come.
- Farewel, sweet nurse of joy, &c^a

Or do you rather urge a monarch's rage,
 Pour gall into the bosom sick with spleen,
 And senseless smile upon the impious stroke,
 By which ye die?—Then on this guilty land
 Be done thy will, O God: Let fall, let fall
 Thy wide-consuming wrath—The hour is come.
 Farewel, thou nurse of joy, celestial Peace!
 England, where late beneath thy wings of love
 Truth, virtue, freedom dwelt, hath cast thee off,
 England hath cast thee from her—Peace farewel.

50

BUT what are ye, terrific forms, that rise
 With shriek, and shout, and antic gestures wild,
 In maddening triumph jubilant, who seem
 Like things of hell let loose from night and pain
 To spoil the beauties of some blissful world,
 And revel in destruction? Forth-rushing see
 The leader of that baleful crew, with tread
 Which shakes the earth, and hundred hands up-rear'd,
 Each with a scorpion scourge, a giant arm'd,
 Calamity. To punish and destroy
 In terror and in storm he comes, our good
 His prey. Clouds black as night, and whirlwinds wild
 Involve him, in a moment all that lives
 Blasting with pale decay, where'er they blow.
 Wide o'er the land they fly, and from their wings

60

Shake

Shake death—Alas ! What evils come, and croud
 His train ! O'er sea, o'er earth afflicted, fallen
 Now Commerce mourns, and Ocean smiles no more
 Pleas'd with her golden freights ; while in each port,
 With shatter'd tackle all disgrac'd, her fleets
 Abandon'd float upon the tides, or shew
 (Sad spectacle) their tempest-beaten keels,
 Forlorn, and void, upon the desert beach!

In swarming cities, where yet Commerce reigns,
 The sons of industry, who vying urge
 Their labours, and bespeak in murmuring throngs
 The pride of her estate, in her decay
 Shall hang the head in anguish, and lament
 Their fun of pleasure set, that shone so fair
 On those bright days, when late they liv'd with peace,
 Mid growing comforts springing from their toil.

The songs of rural industry, that cheer
 In village and in field light hours of toil,
 Shall all be mute ; or yield dark strains of wo
 Her alter'd state recording ; while she pines
 Inactive, and beholds with many a sigh
 The genial sun shine forth, the rains distil,
 And gently-showering dews descend on earth

Unlabour'd

^o Shake death — Alas! what sorrows crowd his train;
Since Commerce over sea, & over earth
Begins to droop, & ocean smiles no more

7 AP 66

To turn, responsive &c

° where ~~she~~ ^{the} was wont

° Wither, & vanish &c

^^ O miserable country! who hath eyes,
That hate the light,
~~Yet cannot see~~, ears gross of sense, & mind
That will not understand; who in the arm
So frail of strength confiding cries aloud;
"Shall I not punish? Shall I not subdue?"
"And who, when I go forth, shall lift the spear?"
Thee, in the fulness of thy pride & power,
What sudden, dread reverse, what woes await!
-Away! detested shapes,

Unlabour'd, barren, waste, where bounteous late
She seem'd responsive to the hand of toil.

SOON as the storm, which gathers in the clouds,
Shall pour its fury on th' affrighted world,
Credit (who o'er the state of Commerce flew,
Like a young eagle sporting in the sun,
~~That~~ ^{And} through the bright serene, his airy rounds
On gilded feathers ^{plays} ~~played~~ in glory's pride,
A light and flitting vanity, shall stoop,
~~Dissest~~, and vanish in the troubled air.

100

^^

AWAY! detested shapes, the brood obscene ^{band}
Of that gigantic fiend, whose image wild
Went forth, and seem'd to shake ^{the} a groaning land; ^{the groaning earth;}
Abhorred forms, avaunt! who on the mind
Rush terrible, and seen in fancy's eye
Piercing the thick gloom of incumbent wo,
Usurp the land; pale, pining Want, who sighs
Retir'd, from plenty thrown and honor down
To dark destruction; unfed poverty,
Who shews his naked sorrows to the world,
In silent sufferance; and he, whom need
Corrupting urges to dark deeds of guilt,
To nightly spoil and blood by hunger driven.

110

^C ^{MOCKING}
To rapine & to blood by hunger driven.

Mocking at form, behold where licence comes,
 Of justice uncontrolled, to dwell at large
 With cheek unblushing, in the eye of day.
 Elate of heart, and wantoning in guilt
 He sees his kingdom come, and calls the fons
 Of gorged riot to assert his reign.
 Glad they obey the voice. From hidden cells, 120
 Where day ne'er look'd, the seats of shame, they rush
 With thundering din, and execrations dire,
 With maddening draughts inflam'd, and ripe for blood,
 The foes of God and man. Ah! who shall save
 From grasp of that fell rout, the flying form
 Of virgin beauty, or in pity guard
 The hoary honors of defenceless age?
 — Fair one, thy cries are vain. Thy late-espous'd,
 Thy love, too weak to shield thee from the hand
 Of ruffian lust, falls at thy side, and pleads 130
 In vain (life draining from his wounds) for thee
 To heaven.—What are to him the pangs of death?
 Ere yet his eyes upon thee close, thou liest
 On the bare earth, of murderous lust the spoil.
 Now dark revenge, whom justice, and the eye
 Of a controlling world o'eraw'd, walks forth.
 Secure, his warm knife dropping blood, and bids
 The sun shine out upon the purple stream,
 Where late he quench'd his thirst. Hark! To heaven

The

^^ See grim Despair, of substance spoil'd, & left
Of friends, who madding o'er his woes, or turn'd
By grief to stone immoveable, beholds
The sordid Ruins of his house; the wife,
The children of his bosom, lost like him;
Who, in the depth of his affliction sunk,
Languish in mute oblivion of their own.
Mocking at form &c.

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† Irregular, & wild, & rude as winds,

^ - Here pause the song; and thou, who o'er the mind
Reigning in stygian horror hast portray'd
Such shadowy forms of things, as, rais'd to life,
May make beholders mad, Fancy, a while
Be still - or rather, at this ebon hour
Of sleep & silence, take thy ~~own~~ flight to him
Who, ~~there~~, when day invests thy heavens, defies
~~is him~~, who ~~seems~~ as thou, when the day awakes.
Possess his brain; & bring before his ^{sight} eyes
The ~~living offspring~~ ^{offspring}, ere it quicken, of Misrule;
The ~~living offspring~~ ^{on the} bordering verge that stand
Those terrors, ~~threatening~~ ^{on the} nearest verge
Of wild futurity, ~~which~~ ^{to} rush to bring -
That he may yet relent; & warn'd by thee
The ~~maimed~~ ^{maimed} shapes, thy fashion'd, fear, & flying, live.
The ~~visions~~, that thou ~~presentest~~ ^{presentest} ~~only~~ ^{only} ~~feet~~.

The civil furies cry : War grinning war,
His iron prison bursting, from the deep
Of night and hell his wakening spirits calls.

140

WHERE Infurrection's crimson banners wave,
Behold the rabble-throngs ; unlike the bands
In compact order rang'd, and trim array,
That glitter to the sun : These rush with rage
Irregular and rude, and wild as winds,
That winter wakens in the north to roll
His tempests through the skies, and blast the year.
O'er all the land they sweep. Pale discontent,
Who long in secret heart his griefs repress'd,
Burns out to rage : with joy fierce faction hears
The sound of onset ; while seditious spleen
In senate loud, who shoots the viperous tongue,
Assumes rebellion's port, and shines in arms :
Nor these alone : high honor's orient form,
And patriot love, and they, whom softer ties
Parental bind, or conjugal, from vales
Of peace their hundreds, and their thousands call
To join the tumult of the clamorous war ;
The war, that fierce, as ocean blown to rage,
O'er the pale land a whelming ruin rolls.

° drive

150

160

Now

Now over half the world mute darkness reigns;
 And Innocence, on lowly couch reclin'd,
 In infant sweetness draws the breath of peace
 Smiling on sleep; while care, majestic care,
 Beneath the canopy of state, in vain
 The balmy blessing woos. O who shall chase
 Those visions of the night, that murder sleep,
 Or arm his dreams with terror; while the blood,
 The guiltless blood of thousands drawn by him,
 Smokes in the eye of heaven, and ev'ry tongue
 Of millions, once so wanton in his praise,
 Calls curses down, and vengeance on his head!
 — Shall he no more know peace? Know thee no more,
 O gentle sleep, kind nurse of weary life?
 Or only in the dwellings of the just
 Wilt thou inhabit?—On his pallid brow,
 While yet thou seem'st to crown his closed lids,
 Why stand those beads of dew? Those motions wild,
 Why shoot they cross his visage? Through each limb
 What mean those shaking terrors?—Yet, O king,
 All may be well. But see! He starts again,
 And tenfold horrors tremble through his frame.
 He wakes, and still, as in his dream, he hears
 The thunder of the war, still, still he sees
 The kindred battle join; streams of blood run;
 Devouring flame in spreading volumes wrap

170

shed

180

The

Part the second

Now over half the world &c

7 AP 66

0 If ever sun arise (Be vain the fear,
Vain as the visions of the Monarch's sleep!)
On such a day, O where shall be his help?

The glory of his realm, her domes, her towers,
And ruin blast the pride of his estate.

190

IN such a day, O where shall be his help?
Shall they, whose whisper'd speech provokes the ire,
That shakes the broad base of his kingdom's peace,
Turn danger from his path? Shall they, to whom
He gives to wield his power (now first in vain
Arm'd 'gainst opposing millions) England's wish
Fulfil, and shroud him in a storm so rude?

With,

Of fair delusion's veil by truth bereft
Behold them bar'd to view. Ignaro mark;
Whom in his boyish days, dark dullness lull'd
Freezing the rapid current of the blood,
That bounds and sports along the youthful veins,
Bathing the heart of joy: a lazy stream
In him it crept, to sloth's oblivious reign,
And indolence propitious—Lo with pomp
Of shallow phrase, affecting wisdom's state,
(Of her unknown, empty of letter'd skill,
And uninstructed in the school of man,
Unaided, self-complete) Ignaro comes.
Hark! how, by pride to passion stirr'd, he cries
To poor and simple knowledge at his gate;
“Go, and instruct the base. Can they enrich'd

200

210

D

“With

" With blood of old renown, whose fires were wife,
 " Have need of thee?—From such Ignaro sprung,
 " Can they with beaming pomp and power array'd,
 " Knowledge of thee have need?—Array'd with pomp,
 " An Atlas of the state, Ignaro see.
 " Without thy aid, forth from my mouth of wrath
 " Breathes not the fire of war? From thee estrang'd,
 " Do I not flourish in a Monarch's love"? 220
 Peace, bloated trifier, pedant fury, peace!
 Vile thing of death and folly, pass away.

Lo at his side lean' Mendax: apt of mind,
 And doom'd to gain the glittering heights of power:
 The finer shades of character to mark,
 To unweave the nicer subtleties of guile,
 To trace th' implicit mazes of a court,
 And through the tortuous labyrinth to wind
 His easy way, than him none better knew.
 Of patriot virtues (care of public weal, 230
 And knowledge which the statesman best befits)
 " Nor skill'd nor studious". With clear open front
 To tell the ready lie, nor think it shame,
 His point of pride. Shall grosser ploddings bind
 His volatility of spirit? These
 Be thine, Sir Gravity. Shall prudence hold
 Trembling to him her glass of wo, and point

At

° Welding a nation's might, Ignara see.

• a witting peer, light, versatile & vain.
His apprehension quick, fluent his tongue:
A disposition principled with ill;
Yet fair without, & affable & kind:
Of jealous cunning, veil'd in loose disguise
Of frankness open as the light of heaven;
Or in the garb of negligence, with sloth
~~With sloth and folly~~ ^{lurking}
And folly ~~lurking~~ in the paths of vice.
With glance intuitive the various shades
Of character to mark, with pliant skill
To trace

7 AP 66

At danger in his fiercest shape of death?
 Laughing a king beholds it: Mendax too,
 Ape of the royal visage, laughing eyes
 The form—for Mendax and a king are one.

240

BUT see! that sweet complacency, who seems
 A spirit of peace in mortal body veil'd,
 Light Philidel, soft, yielding essence*, comes
 In manhood's paler flower. His beauty's grace
 Fair, as the form that languished o'er the stream,
 Ere all its roses died. Modest and coy
 As Dian, when she bath'd: of sense so fine,
 That the warm velvet of an infant's cheek
 E'en in its softness on the tender breast
 Of one, who newly knows a mother's joy,
 To him were harsh of touch: of manners mild,
 As twilight of a summer's morn: his voice
 Soft as the breeze that blows upon the plain,
 Nor parts the thistle's down; and sweet as airs

250

* A puling spright, a tender airy form,
 Unequal to the mighty work of mischief,
 He trembles at the yawning gulph of hell;
 Nor dares approach the flame, lest he should singe
 His gaudy filken wings.
 He sighs when he should plunge a soul in sulphur,
 As with compassion touch'd of foolish men.

DRYDEN's King Arthur.

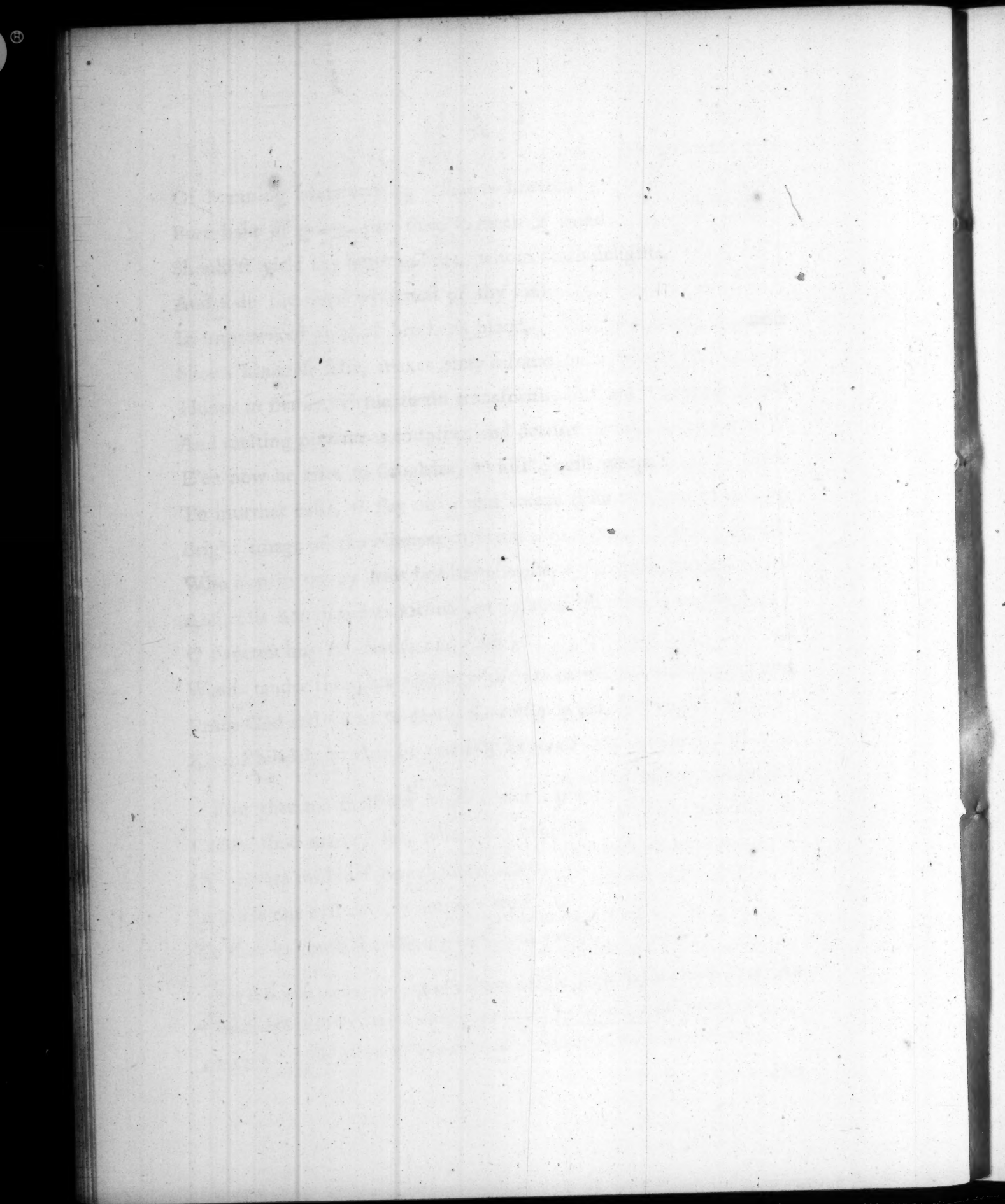
OF

Of hymning faints wafting a soul to heaven.
 Pure babe of grace; that thou so meek of mind
 Should'st yield thy heart to men, whom death delights,
 And stain the angel whiteness of thy soul
 In unprovoked guilt of brother's blood, 260
 Shews kindness false, makes piety a fraud,
 Honor to shame, virtue to sin transforms,
 And melting pity turns to spleen and death.
 E'en now he cries to slaughter, "kill"; and weeps:
 To murder calls, "slay on"; and weeps again,
 Bright image of the clemency of war;
 Who e'en in mercy deals her havoc wide,
 And rolls her thunders killing but to bless.*
 O sweetest imp of charity and faith;
 Whose tender thoughts a little while are turn'd 270
 From God and Good to do thy sovereign grace,
 Kind Philidel, to thee be peace in heaven!

For thee too shall the Muse prefer a prayer,
 Cacus, thou man of sin, whom she beholds
 (A private mischief once) in evil days,
 In these our evil days, a nation's wo?
 To thee in youth seduction came, and gave

* "It is now become the part of wisdom, and (in its effects) of clemency, to put a
 "speedy end to those" (the American) Disorders by the most decisive exertions.

HIS MAJESTY'S Speech at the Opening of the Sessions of 1775.



Her glittering arts to know and wanton guise
 Of love, beneath the hospitable roof
 Killing the peace of age. Convivial joy,
 That flying ecchoes round the youthful board,
 And knits in social bliss each glowing heart,
 Cacus, in thee was bacchanalian rage,
 The reeling riot of wine-waken'd lust,
 Or blasphemy from throat discordant pour'd;
 Which yet, in ribbald mirth the hoarse song croaks
 Profane, inviting the slow curse of heaven.

280

Lo! to his pastime with the vulgar herd
 The grey-beard comes unblushing, to preside
 O'er gambols, that debase th' unletter'd clown;
 Vile feats of clumsy skill, and wry grimace,
 Brute jest, and antic sport, and buffoon mirth.
 Laughing with stupid stare the village gapes.

290

Who in his graver hours this wretch surveys,
 Sees dark venality, the trains of guile,
 Corruption rotten to the heart; sees spleen,
 And malice, and revenge, and madness; sees
 A private traitor, and a public scorn,
 From faith, his country, and his God estrang'd,
 A slander of the world, to nothing true,
 But vice, and his ambition—Even now
 To dearest rights of men, and mercy dead,
 Arm'd with a fierce authority (to him

300

0 Sweeter than joy on earth, in heaven) he yields
 His adulation to introned wrath
 In characters of misery and death,
 * Fulfilling nigh th' ideas of a king.

— O that from such a train, the weeping eye
 Of indignation might be turn'd away !

But more in triumph come ; on whom the sun 310
 Of royal favor sheds its brightest beams. —
 Behold on what it shines, and shun the light.

Of manners, that befit the courts of kings,
 Of mild address by easy habit form'd,
 With countenance, that takes the willing eye,
 And voice, that wins the ear, close by the throne
 Stands fair Orgolio. Ye, who watch his smiles,
 Trust not that smooth exterior : low, beneath
 The golden promise of his tongue, and looks
 Of fair-affured love, soon shall ye find 320
 The purpose base, the sly, insidious aim,
 Deceit, and unextinguishable lust
 Of gain, and pride from blood, not honor, sprung.
 Ambitious, but by timid sloth depress'd,
 With talents, that by patient culture-nurs'd
 Had made him shine a mirror of the state,
 In cards, and dice, and midnight revels, long

^o Sweeter than joy of earth, or heaven)

⁺ Answering the great ideas of a king.

7 AP 66

4 He wasted life: in secret heart enslav'd
To that well-banish'd line of name abhor'd,
Whom Nappan's virtues vanquish'd: whence the vices
Of loyal faith slept in Orgolio's breast,
While reign'd a peaceful king, the friend of man,
Who full of years and honour died: it slept,
Till the lost virtues of a fallen race
Might wake again to life - Monarch, then he,

terrors of the Storm "2

That boast be never thine. - Vex to
Of spirit poor as thine? Talus with fume
Of vanity high-blown, disdainful; fierce,
His passions, pride on fire, fell speech renews.
"Our love could only bless Vex"

o See Page 21.

He wasted life; a friend of tyrant rule,
 And that well-banish'd line of name abhorr'd,
 Foe to fair England's liberty and faith, 330
 Whom Nassau's virtue vanquish'd; (Nassau yet
 The hate of slaves of power) whence in his breast,
 Orgolio's breast, slept the cold vow of faith,
 While reign'd a peaceful king, the friend of man,
 Who full of years, and fame, and honor died;
 It slept, till fate to bless the land might call
 The long-lost virtues of a fallen race
 To wake to better life—Monarch, than him,
 Who with a purer zeal, or bolder aim
 (While pale rebellion shrinks beneath the stroke) 340
 Defends, exerts, exalts the power he loves
 Crowning the fulness of thine own desire?^{thy}

" THAT praise (cries Talus, scourge of men) be mine:
 " Mine too the glory, when my country falls,
 " Exulting from her ashes to exclaim;
 " Was it not I, who cast the bolts of death,
 " Who pour'd the blasting terrors of the storm?"
 " Our Jove could only bless, could only fall
 " In mercies on mankind, and wield a sway
 " Beneath ambition. O with iron arm 350
 " If from this pomp of ruin he shall rise
 " To

"To bruise the body of the land, and bind
 "With chains its vanquish'd spirit, then a king,
 "How will he thank my love! how, while he treads
 "On the crush'd neck of freedom, smile on Me!
 "Then will be crown'd my dearest with—on thee,
 "Thee, tyranny, I call, whose ^{general} baleful power
 "Sweeps o'er the world from Ganges to the Rhine,
 "From Russian Oby to vex'd Tyber's stream,
 "Behold a fallen land, so long thy foe! 360
 "Come clad in terror, and in fury reign.
 "Farewel the smile of candour; (then shall be
 "My speech) the shew of manners mild farewel.
 "Sweet words of peace, vain most when most believ'd,
 "Dwell on these lips no more. Eyes, that belied
 "Th' ambition of my soul, with falsest tears
 "Weeping the golden miseries I love,
 "Banish the grief, that flow'd not from the mind.
 "Tongue, wont to swell thy boisterous eloquence
 "(A nation's fraud and ruin) rest: thy task 370
 "Is done. Loose jest, and song, and mimic mirth,
 "(Interpreters of fear in covert heart)
 "Now, now be genuine joy. Lo! rais'd by me
 "A king despotic, great in ruin, reigns."

THAT

7 AP 66

0

— Base man of sin, who deck'st thyself with guilt,
As with a garment wrought of gold, & smil'st;
With alien guilt adopted thine, refrain
The horrors of that tongue: Think'st thou the eye ver

THAT boast be never thine. Art thou not he,
 The fool of pride and blear ambition, deck'd
 With bawble trappings of a court, and sunk
 In the gross sleep of indolence, whom want,
 (Of dissipation sprung, and dull neglect)
 Whom will deprav'd and base, whom cruel heart 380
 Hath made a slave to crook the supple knee,
 Obey the biddings of imperious guilt,
 And damn thy name with crimes, that ne'er were born
 Of spirit poor as thine? Think'st thou the eye,
 That shines on thee, is dark on that fell pair,
 To whom thou bend'st in homage?—Belial, come;
 Come from thy cave of cloud, and let the day,
 (Thy hate) ere yet thou diest, upon thee shine.

— **WHY** dost thou tremble? Thou, by nature form'd
 In prodigality of grace, with mind 390
 Temper'd of such transcendent qualities,
 As seem'd to promise in their bud to thee
 Glory, and blessings on a wondering world;
 A mind, where quick conception entrance broad
 To knowledge gave; where faithful memory trac'd
 Each image of her wish, and bade it live;
 Where wisdom shone matur'd by patient thought,
 And study the fair fruit of science bore;

Where fancy, while calm judgment smil'd, would play,

And to the tongue the wealth of genius bring;

400

That silver tongue, whose smooth, transparent charm

(Like the clear mirror of a tranquil stream,

Through a fair land, in sweetest murmurs flowing)

Brighten'd each glowing beauty of the mind.

8 O that with him so excellent had dwelt

Simplicity and truth, the generous aim,

Bright honor, the severity of faith,

Peace, and the love of freedom, and of man!

— Why art thou pale? Belial, is aught un Sung,

Is aught of thee un Sung, thou dread'st to hear?

410

— Let England, in her furrows, tell thy shame.

She, who with kind adoption clasp'd thy youth,

And hung enamour'd o'er thee; she, who nurs'd

Thy flowering greatness, and with praise adorn'd:

Who, yet while on thy brow her graces shine,

Beholds thee foster in a faithless heart,

Fell hate against her; whether, in the seat

Of justice, with abhorred aim malign

Thou shake the deep foundations of her law,

Reville its wisdom, and pervert its end;

420

Or, in affairs of state, thou practise aught

Against that liberty, which blessing all

Thee too hath shielded. Thee, of tyrant power

E'en from thy birth a slave, and foe alike

Of

The first of these is the fact that the
 government has been unable to raise
 sufficient funds to meet its obligations.
 This is due to a number of factors,
 including the fact that the government
 has been unable to collect taxes
 efficiently, and the fact that the
 government has been forced to borrow
 money from foreign sources.
 The second factor is the fact that the
 government has been unable to control
 inflation. This has led to a sharp
 increase in the price of goods and
 services, which has led to a sharp
 decline in the purchasing power of
 the population. This has led to a
 sharp decline in the standard of
 living, and has led to a sharp
 increase in unemployment.
 The third factor is the fact that the
 government has been unable to control
 the money supply. This has led to a
 sharp increase in the amount of
 money in circulation, which has led
 to a sharp increase in inflation.
 The fourth factor is the fact that the
 government has been unable to control
 the exchange rate. This has led to a
 sharp increase in the value of the
 local currency, which has led to a
 sharp increase in the price of
 imports, and a sharp decline in the
 price of exports. This has led to a
 sharp decline in the balance of
 payments, and has led to a sharp
 increase in the government's foreign
 debt.

75

Of England's weal, when liv'd a king, thy hate,
 And when a monarch, whom thou lovest, reigns ;
 That monarch, who by thy delusions won
 Remorseless seeks a generous race to bend
 With iron rule, in sorrow soon to learn,
 How awful is the arm by virtue rais'd, 430
 Which strikes for freedom ; soon, how vain the sword,
 Whose blade by justice is unsanctified ;
 While headlong rout, ruin and shame, and death
 Pursue his banners, and confound his war,
 And terrors gird his throne. Belial, then
 Shalt thou repent thy mortal counsels turn'd
 To act, e'en as they touch'd the sovereign's ear ;
 Then shall the heart within thee tremble, lest
 Awaken'd justice, arm'd with vengeance, rise,
 And bring thy white hairs to a grave of shame. 440
 —When he shall die, if England yet be free,
 In death a sharper pang shall pierce his soul.

IN wrath conceiv'd, nurtur'd in wrath, behold
 Gigantic Typhon, fellest fiend, beneath
 A fiery throne crouching his hideous form.
 A darker spirit, or more prone to ill
 Ne'er walk'd the earth. Where'er through shades of night
 (By day unseen) he glides, contagious bane
 Breathes from his lips : Passions of fiercest sway,

Relentless

Relentless malice, and o'er-weening pride, 450
 Life-seeking cruelty, heart-eating spleen,
 (The sullen tyrants of his tortur'd breast)
 In madness rising flock o'er all the land,
 And rush impetuous down the yawning gulph
 Of self-perdition. Why that deadly rage
 In Typhon's bosom, who averse from arms
 Ascended the wild top of troublous power
 To close the glories of triumphant war ;
 Nor wish'd a richer recompence, than dead
 To be recorded on a lasting tomb, 460
 " Father of Britain's peace" ?—Had he *then* slept,
 His name with common infamy had liv'd,
 Curs'd 'mong the herd of those, who by bad means
 Have reach'd ambition's summit, with base arts,
 With insolence, and outrage have upheld
 Their state ; for purposes most foul abus'd
 The powers of empire. Then the times to come
 Had spoken, while his fading memory liv'd,
 Of one, who hostile to his country's good,
 Stopped Victory in her car of glory crown'd, 470
 To raise a falling—yea a fallen foe ;
 Cancelled the golden benefit of arms,
 And made war's valour vain, as rattling storms,
 That thunder in the clouds, and die in air.
 O why preventive of immortal shame

7 AP 66

Arrested victory in glory's car,

After the 498th Line which ends the 2^d Part insert
Part the 3^d

O fallen, lost, O much afflicted king,
Art thou the man, whom in his morning light
We saw, the golden sovereign of the Land;
The envy of the Princes; as a star
In glory; on a throne more rich than gold
Who reign'd the monarch of a people's heart?
How hath thy beauty fail'd! How is thy name
Become a lesson to the nations, who
Beholding thee cry to the Lords they serve;
"Tis not the crown that gilds the monarch's brow;
"The globe, the scepter, or the regal sword;
"Obsequious vows of faith; no, nor the power
"Attendant on the majesty of kings
"That can assure the greatness of his state.
"The rock of sovereignty is in the mind;
"The virtues, that adorn the lovely heart,
"Make strong the king; truth, justice, kindness, faith
"and peace, & charity, the general friend.
"If ye, who hear, o'erweening of your strength,
"Disdain our humble speech, behold the sad,
"The living subject of our moral theme:
"Behold the servants of a bad Trust;
"The friend, yet dearest to his bosom & love:

Fell not death's night upon him, ere the spells,
 With which he charm'd the spirits of a king,
 Had conjur'd up those fiends, who shall not spare
 To wound the bosom of his country's peace,
 While he, his sons, and they, who shall of them 480
 Be born, have life ! Yes ; Typhon from the gloom
 Of Tartarus within his bosom breath'd,
 First breath'd those mortal spirits on the world,
 That to its centre shake the solid state,
 Pluck out, and dash the glory of a crown,
 Invenom virtue, and awaken wrath,
 That into ages distant far shall burn.
 Of all who bend before thy throne hath he,
 Hath he, O king, alone of thee been found,
 In whom to have delight ; on whom to pour 490
 The treasures of thy love ; to whom to yield
 The empire of thy bosom ? He, a curse
 Of men ; in thought, as unfeeling chaos dark ;
 In word, false as an atheist's vow ; in act,
 Mad as the furies, when they burst their chains,
 And merciless, as vengeful tyrant's steel.
 O why delays the bolt of angry heaven
 To shoot, and strike this horror from the world !

ARE such, O fire the servants of thy trust ?
 Is Typhon dearest to thy bosom's love ? 500

And do'st thou wonder, that thy days are sad,
 And full of trouble? From the turbid fount
 Do limpid waters flow? Can guilt to man,
 Who asketh comfort, yield the precious balm?
 Deep in the heart, which placeth there its hope,
 Is it not written; "this shall ne'er know peace?"
 Accuse not then thy doom, nor blame high heaven,
 If sorrow wake upon thy nightly couch,
 And wet thy path with tears. Yet, while thou may'st,
 Attend the voice, O king, the warning voice 510
 Of him descending from the calm of sky,
 Clad with ethereal light, who towards thee moves.
 'Tis Britain's genius: monarch, thee he hails.
 His stature of Herculean strength: in grace
 Like young Apollo, on the muse's hill
 Waking the new-strung lyre, to sing of Jove.
 Such majesty of brow, as did array
 The front of Jove himself, when, to appal
 Assembled gods, he gave the almighty nod,
 That made Olympus tremble: Lo the spear 520
 Like that, which glittering in the grasp of Mars
 Car-borne shook terror, as he swept the field.
 Yet mercy dwelleth in his eye: he smiles
 On the bless'd works of fading peace, and drops
 A pensive tear: now casts a look of wrath
 By grief and pity temper'd. Hark! he speaks;
"I,

2
"Mark the bright top of glory, where in youth
"He stood; thence ^{down} to the dismal Deep, where now
"His manhood mourns, cast (if ye can) your eyes.
"- Set him not blame the just decrees of heaven,
"If sorrow wake on his nocturnal couch,
"And wet his path with tears - Yet, while thou may'st,

& when in the midst
Of wondering thrones he gave th' almighty nod,

7 AP 66

* By freedom in that garden of the world
(Once there)

" I, who in regions of calm air, that cope
 " This nether land, a spirit pure, am wont
 " To dwell in splendors of eternal day,
 " In human form, O king, with human tongue, 530
 " To thy conceptions stooping, thee address,
 " To set thy deeds before thee, and thy doom.
 " —Thou hast undone thy people. They to whom
 " I gave my spirit, in time-honor'd fields
 " Of arms, in arts, and where through peaceful paths
 " Fair science led them musing, down to earth
 " Are fallen. Of thee invok'd war hears the call,
 " Not to protect the free, th' aspirer's aim
 " To dash, or hurl the tyrant from his throne;
 " But to disturb the good man's rest, the vine 540
 " Which he hath planted to destroy, and raise
 " The holy temple of his fathers, rear'd
 " By freedom rear'd so high in a fair land;
 " Yea in that happy garden of the world,
 " (Once thine) where yet hath tyrant never reign'd.
 " Nor there (if aught avail my power, oft found
 " Over the chief ones of the earth supreme)
 " Shall tyrant reign. There to a chosen race
 " From thee for ever, hapless king, I go
 " To quicken wisdom, when dark danger threatens, 550
 " To arm with patience the afflicted heart,
 " And

“ And, in the day of battle, to inspire
 “ That glow of virtue, which thy Britons knew,
 “ When honor and their country call'd to arms.”

^
 “ ALREADY, ere the sword of war hath rest,
 “ Arise the milder glories of my sway.
 “ Rejoice, O ye, who graze the peaceful plain ;
 “ The pastures of the wilderness are green :
 “ O man, be glad ; the tree brings forth her fruit ;
 “ The fig-tree and the vine their tribute yield : 560
 “ Art to new cities calls the tribes : her voice
 “ They hear ; and round their social labours sing.

“ O FOR that day, whose dawn begins to shine,
 “ When all shall know how sweet it is to live
 “ In unity and love ; when with the wolf
 “ Shall dwell the lamb, the leopard with the kid
 “ Lie down, and without fear in filken bands
 “ A little child shall lead the lion's might.

“ THE time shall come, ere yet her old men die,
 “ When the rude trump, which turns the mother pale, 570
 “ Shall cease in all the land ; and war, who yet
 “ Frets on her borders, shall disturb no more ;
 “ His strength, like mountain-snow, when warmer suns
 “ From Taurus beam, dissolving, or at rest

“ Within

ere ancient men shall die,

^ The sullen hearer in amazement stood.
As one of heavy thought, who fain would learn,
Yet comprehends not what the ear receives,
In unideal vacancy he gaz'd.
After short pause, the patient spirit smil'd,
And thus pursued the tenor of his speech;
Already, &c

1871

... of ...

[illegible]

[Faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page]

7 AP 66

But this part of the country is green.

xx O man, be glad, the tree brings forth for thee

" Within the chambers of the earth, intomb'd

" By bleeding conquest in the fields of death.

" THEN in that blissful land shall freedom rise,

" E'en as a fair tree on a river's brink

" Where endless summers shine, its stately growth

" Rearing high-eminent. In skies unvex'd

580

" By storms the top shall wave: Its verdant arms

" (With golden fruit and opening blossom deck'd)

" Shall stretch, a wide circumference! their shade.

" There oft the way-worn traveller shall come,

" By rude affliction of fierce tempests beat,

" And find, beneath the refuge of those boughs,

" The comforts, which a wintry world denied.

" IN that great day open ye gates of peace,

" That sorrow's children may come in. On high

" Be built, on virtue's pleasant hill, her fane,

590

" That the afflicted of all lands may come,

" And know, within the bosom of fair peace,

" Ease after pain, and after trouble joy.

" THEN shall the sage, whom science nurs'd, and led

" Through nature's walks beneficent, who taught

" The bolts of heaven to wing a harmless flight,

✓ " Who now the human tempest laughs secure,

H

" Sit

✓ *Who now, amid the human tempest, smiles,*

" Sit penfive in the tranquil bower, intent
 " To crown his better fame, approv'd in war
 " His country's prop, her guide, in peace her friend. 600

" THE soldier then, whom years and honor crown,
 " Sitting within his humble porch at eve,
 " Shall to his peaceful family recount
 " The various pains and perils of the field;
 " Fierce summer's heat, and winter's killing frost,
 " The march by day, the silent watch at night,
 " And all the troubles of the camp: shall tell
 " Of sickness, wounds, and death, and widow's tears;
 " Surprise, and ambush, and retreating war,
 " And all the glorious horrors of the fight. 610
 " Conquest shall be his theme, and peace restor'd,
 " And freedom, the fair prize, by virtue won;
 " Till every ear shall glow; till brighten'd eyes
 " And throbbing hearts, in gladness shall dissolve;
 " And each brave boy, kneeling before his fire,
 " Swear, at his bidding, to assert, transmit
 " The rights, the sacred rights by him redeem'd."

" THEN too the muse, who by the waters swift
 " Of Severn, or of silver-winding thames,
 " Tun'd the soft pipe, till from each echoing wood 620
 " The Dryads came, and listen'd to the song,

" By

° The horrors, & the glories of the fight.

7 AP 66

^ With drooping head the mighty monarch heard;
And seem'd to sicken at the glorious sounds.
Then too &c^a

" — I pray thee wound not thus my soul: Such things
"To hear is worse than Death" — "Dost thou lament,
"That they, who call'd thee Sire, ~~escaped~~ ^{shall scape} thy bonds,
" ^{and} Shall live in bliss? — Then mark, O King, the themes
"Of song, which shall afflict thee more, if thee
"Compassion, or Remorse have power to move;
"What time the Muse shaking the chords of wo
"Shall change her golden harmony, & sing
"Thy country's fall:

" By other streams reclin'd, to other groves
 " Shall yield the sweetness of her strains, where flows
 " Monongahela, or the pleasant flood
 " Of smooth Ohio; while, in his still depth
 " Of woods, the savage hunter shall suspend
 " The chase, enamour'd of those airs divine,
 " And lost in transport wonder whence they breathe:
 " Whether she raise the verse to highest heaven
 " For freedom crown'd with victory, or pour
 " A strain to sorrow sacred, and to those,
 " Whose virtues in the storm of battle fell;
 " Or trill in descant sweet, the tuneful maze
 " Of measures echoing to a people's joy:
 " While population brooding o'er the land,
 " Shall wake her infant multitudes to life;
 " And, in the mirror of prophetic song,
 " Behold her endless generations rise,
 " And rising gather, as they glide along,
 " Wave after wave, on sea without a shore.

New to his ear, &

630

640

" THEN shall the muse with other notes awake,
 " At pity's touch, her harmony, and sing
 " Thy country's fall: her mighty spirit fled,
 " Her rooted strength decay'd, and spreading powers;
 " Her sword, that at its glance made nations shake,
 " Become the scoff of war, defil'd, accurs'd

" With:

" With blood of brothers, friends and countrymen ;
 " And the fair jewel of the peaceful mind,
 " Humanity, who sooth'd her tender heart,
 " (Her praise and choicest blessing) driven forth 650
 " To cities rising in the desert wilds :
 " Of passion she shall sing, and brute despair,
 " Who wastes his fury in the winds, or moans
 " His impotence of wrath pining abash'd :
 " Of common misery, and war ; which soon *whose strength*
 " Shall rage within the land, and, where it rolls,
 " Blast ; nor of beauty leave a trace behind.

^
 " THE hireling ranks already seem to threat
 " The rude-opposed front of civil wrath,
 " And march in silence on, musing the doom 660
 " Of instant battle : Now through all the files
 " Is heard no sound, save of the drum or pipe,
 " Or trumpets' clang uncheering : brother casts
 " A look on brother, friend on friend, and takes
 " In thought a long farewell. Fond souls ! how soon
 " Shall other passions fill your hearts, when rage
 " Shall wake within you, and revenge from hell
 " Firing the wide air call to deeds of death !

^
 " BEHOLD ! In the proud van of battle rang'd
 " For onset, on the glittering edge of fight, 670
 " A fiend

^ "Lift up thine eyes, & forthwith thou shalt see
"The things which are to come - Mark them, & weep.
"So on that plain the hireling ranks that threat &c^m

^ - The monarch look'd, & saw with tearless eye -

7 AP 66

" A fiend (of Hell abhorr'd) comes storming on ;
 " He, who hath eyes, and ne'er hath shed a tear ;
 " Whose ears are deaf to pity's dying call ;
 " Who bears a heart, where conscience turn'd to stone
 " With ever-growing guilt remorseless dwells,
 " Murder—the sleep of infancy, the bloom
 " Of virgin youth, and unresisting age,
 " His sweetest prey. Misery and despair
 " Thank him, and die. Sagacious of the war,
 " Deep-drench'd in blood, and yet athirst, he comes 680
 " Forth to the field; The trumpet's shrilling blast
 " Wakes horrible ; cries " courage", and unchains
 " The battle's rage. Havoc around him flies
 " Quick, as the lightning, and in thunder roll'd,
 " Lancing his fiery bolts, that cast to ground
 " Temple and tower, and mar, wherever speeds
 " Their ruining fury, Nature's face divine.
 " Dire is the conflict of opposing arms ;
 " Reluctant the retreat : at length pursuit
 " Hangs on, and scatters wide, the ruder war. 690
 " Terror on all hearts seizes : flight on wings
 " Of fear, and foul dismay, and pallid shapes
 " Of wo fly to the barren wilderness *o his*
 " Shrouding their ghastly forms, where famine holds
 " His shadowy court, mid screams of horror chill,

" And madding rage, and long-expiring groans;
 " Till pestilence of famine born, shall come
 " From poison'd air, and prey on his own fire;
 " Where wither'd the thin terror shall dissolve,
 " And in the bosom of his offspring die." 700

" ILL-FATED England! The fair seat no more
 " Of liberty and peace; where commerce pour'd,
 " Like a proud river blessing as it rolls,
 " Her golden tides; where late I dwelt secure
 " With wisdom, and brought forth the fruit sincere
 " Of ripen'd knowledge (arts and science, vers'd
 " In all that most ^{delights, and most adorns,} adorns, delighteth most,
 " And most the mind ^{ennobles} ennobleth) what is now
 " Thy state? Doth rage of civil arms destroy
 " The beauty of thy strength, and Folly send 710
 " To hostile climes thy banish'd plenty forth?
 " Doth liberty survive? And do her sons
 " All unconcern'd beneath her glittering roof
 " Assembled, pass in mirth and feast profane
 " The day, while giant folly twines his strength
 " Around the pillars of her state, and shakes
 " The mighty fabric nodding to its fall?
 " — Then perish, ye accursed, of the rights
 " For which your fathers bled, unworthy found;

" Or

^ — These things the monarch saw; & dropp'd no tear.
The wondering Genius vanish'd from his view
Wrapp'd in dark cloud; & thrice was heard to sigh
Within his stormy shrine, ere yet he spake;
"M-fated England &c."

7 AP 66

o That voice was heard no more - Into clear air
The spirit from his cloudy temple broke,
On golden plumes ascending: All around,
As from a sun, a flood of glory beam'd
Unveiling, ^{while} ~~as~~ he soar'd, a higher heaven.
Thus o'er th' Atlantic vast his rapid way
He wing'd, in brightness melting from the eye.

" Or rather bow the neck beneath the yoke,
 " Which they fear'd more than death, and live, the scorn
 " Of nations; till the sceptre, whose fierce sway
 " Controls you, shall become th' invader's spoil;
 " Or from some tyrant's feeble grasp shall fall
 " Unsought, unhonor'd, on the desert land."

720

o THAT voice is heard no more—The spirit see
 On golden plumes ascending: as he mounts,
 Disparting clouds unveil a purer heaven;
 Where o'er th' Atlantic vast his rapid way
 He wings, in brightness melting from the eye.

730

F I N I S.

729

" Or rather bow the neck beneath the yoke,
 " Which they fear'd more than death, and live the scorn
 " Of nations; till the sceptre, whose fibres lay
 " Consume'd, shall become the invader's pole;
 " Or from some tyrant's feeble grasp shall fall
 " Unthought, unhonour'd, on the dust laid.

That voice is heard no more--The splendour
 On golden plumes ascending; as he moans,
 Disparting clouds unveil a purer heaven;
 Where o'er the Abyss is rapid way
 His wings in brightness melting from the eye.

730

FINIS

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